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THE TIMES.

VOL. XVIII, NO. 49,

OWOSSO, MICH., FEB. 19, 1897.

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Goes into the best homes in Shiawassee county and its contents are carefully read by an intelligent class of readers. The use of its advertising columns convinces advertisers of this fact.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. F. Fitch

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35 Doses - 35 CENTS

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Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

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GOOD HONEST GOODS.

ALL WINTER FOOTWEAR AT COST.

See us before you buy.

CROWE BROS.

PAINTS! PAINTS!

Heath & Milligan Mfg. Co.'s Mixed and Paiste Paints are the Best.

Green Seal Strictly Pure White Lead

If you intend Painting your House this spring, use the above materials and you will get perfect satisfaction.

IRA G. CURRY,

113 East Main Street.

JEALOUSY AND WHISKEY

Make John Buck an Attempted Murderer—Shoots Three Bullets Into His Divorced Wife.

Inane jealousy and poor whiskey nearly caused a murder in Bennington township Saturday. John Buck, whose reputation has never been good, whose love of liquor is about as rabid as possible, is lying in the Corunna jail charged with assault with intent to kill. He has for several years made his wife's life miserable by his drunken orgies, quarrels and jealousy, so much so that she finally commenced suit for divorce, but withdrew it, later commencing another suit which was settled out of court, she taking twenty acres of land and a house and Buck taking the remaining twenty, upon which he built a house.

He has spent much time with his brother north of Owosso and returned Saturday, stopping in Owosso where he filled up with liquor and meeting his wife determined to go home with her. He did follow her, and was ordered out of the house but instead of going drew a revolver and shot at Mrs. Buck three times, each shot taking effect but not dangerously wounding her. He also fired at his 14-year-old son, but failed to hit him. She ran into the road but was overtaken and roughly handled. Promising to stay with him they returned to the house, where she slipped away, going to a neighbor's. He locked the house and went to bed, but was later arrested by Deputy Sheriff Little as he lay in a drunken stupor, having armed himself with a rifle and shot guns. His examination occurs today, being held in \$5,000 bail until the examination.

Dr. Shickel dressed Mrs. Buck's wounds, which were a bullet in the right shoulder, one in the breast and one in the left hand, none of them dangerous, but she had suffered from loss of blood. She is a woman about 35 years old and a fine looking woman, while Buck is about 50 and a decidedly unpopular and unpleasant fellow. Last year he had his wife and Oscar LeClear, a well-to-do farmer of Fairfield township, arrested, charged with adultery, but the case was dropped and later he commenced suit for \$5,000 damages against LeClear for alienating his wife's affections.

Watson & Chapman have been employed to defend Buck and it is said will attempt to prove the man insane. He would undoubtedly be better off behind the bars and there is little doubt that he will be convicted and given a long sentence. His attorneys will make a strong fight for him and firmly believe that there are mitigating circumstances in his favor that will count largely with a jury.

BURTON.

J. S. McBride spent last week in Saginaw—Miss Grace Williams entertained Miss June Webster and Sam Ferguson, of Ovid, Monday evening—Mrs. J. Potter was the guest of Mrs. A. E. Grey, of Ovid, Saturday—Ticket agent Cooper and wife entertained a son from Detroit the first of the week—Mr. and Mrs. G. Arnold, of Ovid, attended services at the M. P. church in this place, Sunday morning and evening—Messrs. J. N. McBride and T. H. Donsor were in Grand Rapids, Tuesday and Wednesday—Rev. J. E. Hubbell and daughter, Mrs. M. Neal, of Owosso, spent Friday of last week with Jas. McWilliams and daughter, Miss Sarah—Mrs. F. J. Stoddard, of Owosso, and Mrs. W. H. Mumby, of Corunna, spent Friday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Williams—Miss Olive Varcoe, of Oakley, is spending the week with her uncle, Joseph Varcoe—James Purves Jr., is confined to the house with the measles—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wright attended the marriage of their son, George to Miss Bessie Douglass, Wednesday evening at the home of the bride, in Owosso—Mrs. J. Hubbell and the Misses Ada Palen, of Williamston, and Mand Hall, of Garland, were guests at R. W. Williams', Wednesday—Miss Edna Wilkin spent Sunday with Mrs. David Thorp—The endeavor meeting Sunday morning will be conducted by Mrs. H. A. Mason. Topic: "Our little worries, and how to get rid of them"—Mr. and Mrs. C. Lee, and daughter, Mrs. M. Lambkin, of Saranac, and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Lee, of Elsie, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Green, Wednesday—At a meeting held Feb. 14, the following officers were elected for the Endeavor society: President, Miss Nellie Cramer; vice Pres., Miss Grace Williams; Cor. Secy., U. Grant Stiff; Rec. Secy., Mrs. Edith Vincent; Treas., A. E. Catz; Organist, Mrs. Ida Vincent—Mrs. E. G. Minore, of Ovid, gave a very interesting and instructive lecture Wednesday evening, to a very appreciative and intelligent audience. The recitations by Miss Lottie Whitaker and Emory Snyder were highly applauded, and too much cannot be said in favor of Master Carl Campbell, who acted the part of an "old drunkard." Both in dress and in singing, "The Temperance Folks, they Crowd us Awfully," which he rendered in such a manner, captivating the audience.

New Lothrop.

Died, Monday, Feb. 15, Joseph Strong, aged 19 years, of consumption—M. N. Park & Son have moved their hardware to Montrose, and Stewart Bros. will move their hardware from Cheshaning into the building vacated by them—Odell & Hess have begun the manufacture of the Lehigh Washer in addition to their saw and planing mill business.

Byron.

Rev. C. W. Benson, of Mt. Morris, visited his brother, Rev. W. W. Benson, Wednesday and Thursday of last week—Mrs. C. C. Luckey, whose little boy recently recovered from diphtheria, is down with the disease, but at last report, was doing well—The remains of George Prussia, who died in Iowa, some two years ago, have been disinterred and brought to Burns for burial. Mr. Prussia formerly lived in Burns—T. A. Lawrie and wife were called to Detroit, Monday, on account of the serious illness of their son, Eugene—A citizen of Byron moved his household effects from one house to another on a hand sled, last Sunday—A certain gallant young man, of Cohoctah, took twenty of the bannery girls on a sleigh ride, Tuesday evening—Mrs. A. W. Holington is spending the week at F. A. Braden's. Art is making some improvements in the internal arrangements of his house, during her absence.

Vernon.

Frank Tilden is suffering with rheumatism—Eugene Wallace has moved his family to Sherman—George Tickner entertained company from Cheshaning, Sunday—Mrs. C. Case, Maggie Yerkes, Mrs. B. K. and Mrs. A. G. Holmes, were at Owosso, Tuesday—Miss Georgio Emerick visited at Durand the past week—William Harris entertained the class of '90 of the Vernon high school, on Tuesday evening. Every member was present—Mrs. Wm. Wilkinson is at Milan, visiting her daughter—Mrs. Rose, of Chicago, is visiting her brother, George Clark, in this place—G. Goff and family were at Byron, Sunday—A number of our young people listened to Rev. Morehouse at Gaines, Sunday evening—Revival meetings are being held at the M. E. church, this week—Mrs. Williams is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ezra West, in this place—About forty-five members of the Y. P. S. C. E., attended a reception given at the Congregational church, in Owosso, Friday evening—Fred Kerr, of Detroit, visited at Frank Tilden's the first of the week—Miss Rose Graham is visiting at Bancroft.

A DOCTOR'S VISIT.

Dr. Hartman's Free Visit to Every Family in the United States

How can that be? you ask. How can Dr. Hartman visit every family in the United States? This is the way: This little article goes into every home. Every one has the privilege of reading it. Through this article Dr. Hartman speaks to every family. He asks if any in the house is sick. If so, would you not like to consult me as to the nature of your disease and its treatment? If you would like to do so, I will give your case careful attention. I have a large institution and many assistants and am in a position to detect the nature of diseases where they could not possibly be detected by the ordinary physician. If you want to consult me, just write me and give a description of your case and I will answer you free of charge, giving you full directions for treatment. This is the way Dr. Hartman makes a free visit to every family in the United States. He has just called on you. Do you wish to consult him? Or you may send and get a blank to fill out if you prefer. All letters received by him are strictly confidential. Have you catarrh of the head, throat, lungs, stomach or any other organ of the body? If so write to him at once. He will send you directions for treatment without charge.

If you desire to, you can send for a free copy of Dr. Hartman's latest book on catarrh and other climatic diseases of winter—64 pages instructively illustrated. Sent free to any address by the Pe-r-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, 'DR'

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.



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CHAPTER I.

Topmark's store stood end on to the big road where it ran down hill to cross Walnut creek. The storehouse was a log structure, with a cringing frame addition across the back. In front there was a ramshackle shed porch, with a clattering floor, and some tottering steps at one edge, from which the women customers who rode got up or down from their horses. They were not over-much. For the most part the store got its trade from the abundant freedmen.

Some part of the blacks had small holdings of their own. A much larger moiety worked upon neighboring plantations, either for wages or for a share of the crops. But, however employed, they had a trick of coming to buy at all hours of the day and night. Mr. Topmark, the storekeeper, bemoaned the fact no little. "It is the most convenient thing," he said. "If the niggers'd just come either all by day or all by night, a man'd know when ter be thar an needn't bother an go ter expense keepin no such trial as that thar triflin Teddy Barton, who can't be depended on more'n five days in the week."

Teddy, you see, considered himself a society man of the giddiest type. He thought nothing of riding 15 miles and back to a party, which, in his judgment at least, would be a flat failure lacking the light of his countenance. But he had the redeeming quality of coming cheap to his employer, and the further merit of being humbly respectful to that person's face, though among his own mates he told wild tales of "the sass he give ole Top just whenever he had a mind."

Nobody believed him. Nobody ever did believe anything Teddy said. The bare fact of his saying it indeed made against the acceptance of anything unless there was mighty good outside proof. "That thar boy—he'd rather lie than ter drink whisky er eben dance," big Matt Taylor, the blacksmith, said of him, with a kindly, contemptuous laugh. There were not lacking people to say, though, that it was Teddy's facile truth which had got and kept him his place as Mr. Topmark's general representative.

Still there were limits to Teddy's usefulness. Mr. Topmark knew him too well to trust him with any matter too far from general gossip. Possibly that was why he said affably upon a July evening: "Teddy, ain't thar no frolic nowhars in stricken distance t'night? You ain't been ter one in ten days, an I do reckon a heap of the fair sect is pinin fer the sight of you."

Teddy giggled and admitted that "maybe two or three gals over at Squire Bynum's would chune up an cry of he didn't git thar 'fore 10 o'clock." So, after a bit more chaff, he went galloping away, waving a laughing goodbye to Luley, the eldest of Mr. Topmark's three small daughters. She was a prim miss of 8. Annie and Jinney, the others, were respectively 5 and 3. They were all miniatures of their mother, who was of the softly curved, plump, white-rabbit type. She sat a little way off, watching her children tumble and play on the piazza floor. There were no lights outside, but a broad yellow radiance fell from a hall lamp on the huddled heads, making plain all the intricacies of their tumbled hair.

"You children better not make so much fuss. Pappy'll send you off ter bed. It's time you were there now—way after 8 o'clock," Mrs. Topmark said, with a slow, indulgent smile. Jinney disentangled herself and toddled across to her father. He sat easily in a big splint rocker, but there was no ease in his face. Instead it wore a strained look, yet he smiled obviously upon the child, catching her up and making a great ado of standing her upon her head. At once he set her down and rose precipitately, saying: "Ain't that jest the beat of luck? Ef Teddy was here, wouldn't a soul come a-nigh the sto' fer two days maybe, yet thar's somebody hollerin now, an I've got ter go 'tend ter him er else lose my trade ter that feller at the crossroads."

"It is aggravatin; but, then, folks most always come about this time in the week—Thursday nights, you know," Mrs. Topmark returned placidly. Her husband heard only the first words. He was half way across the hundred yards of turf that separated the store from the smart new house, brave in cream walls and scarlet window sash, that lately had replaced his father's squat log dwelling

Some one was calling sharply from the road. The hail was insistent, but cautious. To one able to read faces it was plain Mr. Topmark had been listening for it in spite of his elaboration of surprised vexation over it. But nothing of that came to the woman sitting placidly on the piazza. Except within the narrowest personal limits, she had no penetration. Besides she would sooner have questioned the ways of divine Providence than those of her husband.

The store's back door alone was opened after dark. As Mrs. Topmark heard it clang behind her husband she settled herself afresh, took Jinney in her arms and began softly to croon a fragment of an old love song. But after a minute she sighed uneasily, then sat suddenly upright, saying, with a touch of authority: "Now, you must all go right ter bed, every one of you. You hear that? Come on an let me see who gets up stairs first I expect there be some candy in my pocket fer the one that does."

As she made to follow the children who went tumbling one over the other somebody spoke from the dusk outside: "Oh, Miss Louisy, won't yer dest be so good as ter tell me ef do sto' is done shot up fer de night? I wants li' whisky powerful bad. Such er mis'ry in de back I been had all day long!"

"You can get it, Aunt Pheny. Mr. Topmark's thar right now—jest went. You better hurry an ketch him. Like as not the man that called him didn't want nothin much—ter ask the way er buy 5 cents' worth of starch," Mrs. Topmark said, walking to the piazza steps, just outside of which stood a weakened old black woman, leaning upon a crook handled stick and holding curiously aloof from herself a big bunch of a strange looking herb. It was ragged and drooping, yet the glimmering light showed here and there amid the tangle of stems knots of bloom half withered and of a livid, reddish yellow. The bearer of it had thin, clawlike hands and shat, strong, yellow teeth upon the stem of a cob pipe. Setting one foot on the middle step, she said meditatively: "I loved ter fine Mar—Ben right yere on do po'ch wid you. But how come I fatched him dis yere passel er truck. He swam 'tween de water er bunc er dem swamp yarbs!"

"Leave 'em with me. I know he's been wantin 'em. He's sure ter give you all the hicker you want fer bringin 'em, Aunt Pheny," Mrs. Topmark said kindly. "You lay 'em right there on the steps. I'll tell him ter put 'em in the lumber house soon as ever he comes in. He wants 'em ter drive away rats. We're pestered ter death!"

"Say! Don't talk erbout death wid de moon jest risin an she er-dwindlin', Aunt Pheny returned, with a little half shudder. But she dropped her lids lower than ever as she went on: "I'll lay um right yere on de groun, Miss Louisy, an don't you let dem li'l' children er youn play wid no pieces er um. Dee's—dee's bad 'bout makin sores on li'l' tender hands."

As she hobbled away Mrs. Topmark smiled, then sighed deeply and put her arms above her head. "I don't know what is the matter with me," she said to herself. "I've got the most curious feelin, jest like I was afraid of somethin. I do hope Mr. Topmark will come back soon, but fer fear he shouldn't I'd better put the p'ison yarbs where they can't hurt the children. Oh, my, don't they smell!" as a strong, half fetid odor came to her nostrils from the weedy things she had taken up and was looking curiously over. "No wonder rats don't like the stuff. It makes me sick. But I'll put it in place before it loses strength."

Still holding the herbs, she got a lantern, lighted it and went toward a detached building in the yard. Some little time later she came back with only the lantern. She set it down heavily and almost dropped into her chair, calling to the black nursemaid as she did it: "Ca'line, you 'tend ter the children. I'm goin ter stay in the air till I feel better."

Someway she did not feel better. The herbs had been bound together with a long, thready cat brier. Her hands had got more than one prick from the thorns. Each of the wounds began to throb and send darting pains through her. Her sight dulled. At last she saw only flaming circles before her eyes. She tried to cry aloud, but could only moan thickly, though she heard with preternatural clearness through the open

(Continued on page 6.)